

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1908.

Editors Meet.

The editor attended the meeting of the democratic press association at Lincoln last week and Tuesday evening dined with W. J. Bryan at the Lindell hotel. The banquet was a six course dinner and the good things were numerous. Speeches and toasts interspersed the banquet and a two hours visit with Mr. Bryan made us all feel good. Mr. Bryan is a royal entertainer and stayed with his guests until they departed. The following day Mr. Bryan was up early and had breakfast at the Lindell at 7:30 and we found him busy in his office later when we called there with some of the brother editors. Through courtesy we did not disturb him for we knew that there were many things for him to do. Chas. W. Bryan, a brother, showed us around the office. We visited the girls, folding and wrapping papers, and with J. R. Farris who formerly published this paper. We also visited the able editor, R. L. Metcalfe. W. M. Maupin was not in at the time of our visit and we wondered whether he got too much "baptist gray" or lost too much sleep the evening previous. Geo. Miles was there and returned with us as far as O'Neill where he had just won his suit against the county for \$4,200 for publishing the scavenger tax list two years ago. We saw C. J. Bowby, editor of the Crete Democrat, who read a paper at the meeting. Cliff Frank and Dan Corcoran of York were there. Mose Warner of Lyons was also there. He got up out of bed to go and said it made him feel well to get among so many democrats. About seventy-five democratic editors were there and we got acquainted with many whom we had never met but had heard of for years. W. S. Jackson and C. A. Rosseter went down with us but went on to Omaha to see Farmer Burns get thrown by Beal, and returned on the same train with us Wednesday night.

Why should a railroad ticket that has been honestly bought and paid for with good money "expire" if by chance it is not used within a certain specified time? If the money paid for it remains good why shouldn't the ticket also remain good until used? This is also one of the forms of R. R. graft, that getting something for nothing.—Rushville Standard.

People who won't advertise in a paper, making an excuse that advertisements of saloons appear therein and then try to get their free notices in the paper and harp about not being able to publish free replies to exposures, show their hypocritical demeanor and selfishness.

The subscription department of THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT is not falling off as much as the trade of certain hypocrites who seem determined to injure the fellow merchants, business men and the town in general for their own selfish ends.

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT seems to have made a good job two weeks ago at somebody who seems to have taken it to her heart and would rather 'twould have been a dagger than exposure of villainy, rascality and hypocrisy.

It is noticeable that when a man goes fishing and catches some fine black bass he walks proudly down Main street, but if he catches none he sneaks down the back alley and tries to avoid meeting anyone.

Why don't the croaker move to Gordon or some place of her choice if Valentine is a bad place. It was so years ago, or worse, but has always been a good town. Why?

W. M. Maupin of "Whether Common or Not" in the Commoner, has observed that there are signs of spring and wants to go fishing.

My School-Mates After Twenty Years Absence.

Here I am after twenty years, part of which I had spent in Paris and other places noted for their art. I had got a fair start in life and had laid up a fair amount, part of which I decided to use in making a visit to my old home in Nebraska, and to see my parents, sisters and friends whom I had not seen for years. I was not prepared for the change in my old school-mates. I found Elsie and Flossie proud and happy housewives, ruling over large and beautiful houses which were the pride of the country. I went to see them, and was surprised at the magnificence and splendor of the interior of their homes. I had never dreamed that farm houses could be such a paradise of joy. It was not alone the grandeur of it, but a certain home-like harmony was about the place that made one think that God is good indeed. I visited the Valentine kindergarten and found Bernice and Estella the leading teachers. I was not in the least surprised, for they had always talked of being teachers, but to see the children casting loving glances and sweet smiles at them and to see them returned, did one good. At recess they went out to play and at night were sent home with loving words and caresses which I am sure they were greeted with in the morning. As I was walking up the street one morning I heard a band playing. I was used to the sound, but something in the sweet, melodious tones told me that it was no ordinary band. I stopped to listen and thought I saw something familiar about the captain's face. Just then he looked at me and I saw in the clear blue eyes and fine black hair and features one of my class-mates—Arthur Brown. I remembered how well he could play the violin and how we all said that he would be a great musician by and by. Little Pearl, the pet of the school, and the best singer among us, had shown her talent to a still greater advantage and was the best singer in the country, and

happy were they who could persuade her to teach their little sons and daughters, or even the larger ones.

Clay Brown, who we had all admired for his talent of "laying things off," as we termed it, was nominated governor of Nebraska. He had studied and become a lawyer and had practiced at the bar for several years.

Roy Evans was the owner of the largest dairy farm in the country and anyone who wanted fresh butter, good cream or milk always asked for the Evans brand.

Benjamin Owens was the owner of the largest farm in the country and it was a pleasant sight to see the waving fields of grain nodding and ready to be cut. It brought back old memories which had been buried deep in my heart for many years to see the green corn and hear it rustle as we walked among it looking for roasting ears. The fruit trees were loaded with ripe and early fruit.

Walter Thompson is now a strong kind-hearted business man of Valentine. He is the man who owns that great brick store on the corner and sells the brussels carpet, mahogany furniture and all of those things which the poor long for.

The "little folks," as we called them 20 years ago, are doing well in their different occupations. Some are school-ma'ams and masters; some are farmers, and some are in the great whirl of city life.

The old school house is altered some. It does not look like the same one, but I noticed there were some things just as they were before. Some of the same old desks and books were there and also many new ones.

The old school grounds were very much changed. Instead of the barren ground, on one side was a fine little grove of trees and on the green grass in the shade many gay hearted boys and girls were running to and fro, just as light-hearted and free as we used to be when we played on those old school grounds together, but the old bell can never ring for us again as it used to when we were children for our school days have passed and we must fill our places in life's busy world.

ELNORA HOWER,
Sparks, Neb.

U. S. Weather Bureau Report for week ending Apr. 8.

Daily mean temperature 39°.
Normal 40°.
Highest 70°; lowest 5°.
Precipitation .24 of an inch.
Total precipitation from March 1st (the crop season) to date was 1.43 inches.
The average for 19 years for the same period is 1.57 inches.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

The services the coming Sunday will be as follows:
11:00 a. m.—"Christ's Answer to Discouragements."
7:30 p. m.—"The Episcopal Church Influenced in its Doctrine and Policy by Its Ancient Friendliness with Outside Reformers."
6:30 p. m. Topic of C. E. will be "Lessons From the Life of John B. Gough," led by Miss Grace Grooms.

St. John's Church.

Daily services will be held during Holy week as follows:
Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons at 4:15.
Maundy Thursday, early celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 7 a. m., and services at 4:15 p. m.
Good Friday, services at 10 a. m.
Easter Day, early celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 6 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon with the holy communion at 11 a. m. Evensong at 8 o'clock. Notice the change of the hour of evening service.

Storz Blue Ribbon Beer is today the most popular beverage in the west—over eighteen million bottles of it sold during the past twelve months to western people. Its high quality and delicious flavor has given it the lead.

Directing Felts in Boston.

The stranger had been searching nearly half an hour among the mysterious curving ways of the park for Fenway street. At last the trim figure of a hurrying student attracted her eye, and she resolved to ask for the necessary information.

"Can you tell me, please, where Fenway street is?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered the student. "Why, we're in it now."

"Yes?" The stranger looked rather helplessly around at the wealth of shrubbery, the smooth roads that seemed to lead only to Mrs. Gardner's green roofed palace. "But I wanted to find a certain number on Fenway street."

"Oh!" said the student, a helpless expression for a moment clouding her face.

"Do you know, there's a street down there?" She pointed a daintily gloved hand straight into a clump of elms. "I don't know the name of it. I never did know that it had a name. Why don't you try that one?"—Boston Herald.

Pretty Strong Lungs.

In "Through Luzon on Highways and Byways" the author, a naval officer, tells this expansive story. We touch for the story only, not for the facts:

While traversing this attractive country, which offers so much to tempt the husbandman, we met with no sign of life until nearing a village, where could be seen native hunters after deer and carabao. The carabao furnishes a fine quality of meat and has a peculiar, instinctive trait in being the only denizen of the forest that can protect itself against the lion constrictors, which are somewhat numerous in these parts. When the carabao is pounced upon by the lion and the reptile has wrapped itself round the body for the squeezing process of killing the animal, the carabao slowly draws in its sides until the lion has his grip fixed securely and begins to tighten up, when suddenly the carabao inflates his lungs to their fullest and spreads his sides, tearing the vertebrae of the reptile into a thousand pieces.

How Tea Lead Is Made.

Tea lead for lining tea chests is superior at least from the standpoint of cheapness to any other metal. According to an article in the Brass World, the method practiced by the Chinese in the manufacture of tea lead is to press molten lead between two flat stones. The excess of lead is melted in an iron kettle by a direct fire underneath. Rice paper is carefully smoothed down over the surface of the stones to supply a nonconductor of heat and thus prevent the chilling of the lead. The stones are now placed flat upon the ground and the upper one raised a short distance, with one edge resting upon the lower stone. In other words, the stones are opened like a book. A ladle full of melted lead is now poured in between the stones, and the top one is quickly dropped. The lead is squeezed out until only a thin layer is left. Tea lead usually runs from .005 to .010 inch in thickness.

An Untamed Marquis.

The father of the Marquis of Bute had an amusing experience in the neighborhood of Lochesay. He met a cockney traveler who asked to be directed to a certain place. Deceived by the marquis' accent, the visitor took him for a southern and took occasion to make supercilious remarks about the lumbering islanders of Bute. He said, "Bismarck, I suppose you're like me, an Englishman?" "No," responded the marquis; "I'm a native of Bute, this island." "Good gracious!" exclaimed the Londoner, in amazement. "Then who in the dooce tamed yer?" Lord Bute assumed a fierce expression and, raising a ponderous cudgel he was carrying, said angrily, "Who says I'm tame?" The alarmed cockney turned and fled.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Two Curses for the Blues.

"What do you do when you have the blues?" asked the first woman. "I walk up Fifth avenue and look in all the jewelers' windows and at the ornate and high priced hats. What do you do?" "I go way down to Rivington street and look at the wretched poor women with seventeen children struggling in the dirt. That makes me thankful my affairs are no worse."—New York Press.

Its Worth.

The actress, having been arrested for running her automobile seventy miles an hour, was describing the superb car to a reporter. The young man inquired: "How much did you say it was worth?" "At least two columns on the front page," she answered absently.—Kansas City Independent.

Chut Her Off.

First Deaf Mute (making signs): Did your wife complain because you stayed out till after midnight? Second Deaf Mute (chuckling): Did she? You should have seen her! But when it began to get monotonous I just turned out the light.

Two Questions.

"Why don't we see men like the novelists describe?" "I give it up. Why don't we see girls like the illustrators draw?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Followed the Lead.

Teacher—Where do we obtain coal, Freddie? Freddie—From the coal beds, miss. Teacher—Right! Now, Jimmy, where do we obtain feathers? Jimmy—From feather beds, miss.

Central Market,

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The Stock Exchange,

and its methods, by bestowing upon it a far greater patronage than that accorded any other place in Valentine. Where the major portion of the fair, the impartial, discriminating public buys its Liquor and Beer, must be a good place for You, the individual, to trade. Visit The Stock Exchange when you need anything in our line.

W. F. A. MELTENDORFF

THE DEMOCRAT FOR NEWS